

# The Evening World

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## TITLED MARRIAGES.

A girl had better marry the same kind of man as her brothers, father and uncles. By accepting one of her boy friends her marriage is less likely to result in failure than if she allows riches or a title to draw her from her accustomed environment.

The cables tell of the divorce proceedings which the former daughter of Jay Gould has brought in a French court against Castellane. News has also come of the separation from the Duke of Marlborough of his wife, formerly Miss Vanderbilt. For every matrimonial failure which, like these, comes to the public knowledge there are many more which are concealed.

Except as a last resort no woman publicly confesses that her marriage is a failure. Unless the man desires to marry some other woman the public rupture does not often come from him. A majority of legal separations and divorces are brought about by women. The average man when he desires to separate from his wife simply abandons her without taking any legal proceedings. He leaves her to go into court to sue for alimony and support.

At the bottom of the great majority of these separations and divorces is the incongruity of the tastes, customs and habits of the man and the wife. Infidelity is rather a result than a cause. The irksomeness of the marital ties is a result. Quarrelling and bickering are results. They are all manifestations of mental and moral incompatibility.

Usually women enter into marriage with more expectations than men, which is the reason that their after disappointment is greater than a man's. Few men expect perfection in their wives, or believe that matrimony is a state of continuous happiness. Men are not so prone to think that their marriages will turn out differently from other men's marriages, while no woman believes that her marriage will be like any other woman's.

Every woman is different from every other woman, while men are pretty much alike. The woman creates an ideal man, whom she marries, and the man marries the woman that he thinks his wife is.

Where, added to these natural sex tendencies, there is the glamour of title or the allurements of riches, the process of self-deception is certain at the outset and the results of the unceasing are precarious.

The one big advantage of the French system of matrimony is that there are no preliminary illusions or deceptions. The basis is a business contract, with the financial and social fitness and equality of the parties assured by the careful investigation of their respective parents and lawyers. There can be no misunderstandings here. The failing in love may or may not take place afterward. In either case there can be no falling out of love.

All girls cannot marry rich men, and all rich girls cannot marry guaranteed titles. There are not enough of either to go around. It



should therefore be a matter of congratulation to girls who marry men of their own family acquaintance that such marriages succeed best and bring the most tranquillity and contentment.

In this discussion the part that men take in matrimony has not been unintentionally disregarded. The fact is that marrying is more a woman's business than a man's, that almost all marriages are made by women, and that the kind of husband the average man makes depends on his wife's ability, tact and discretion.

Man at best is a crude animal, and to make the most of the raw material requires the deft handling of some woman who loves him.

## Letters from the People.

### Men's Work and Their Pay.

To the Editor of The Evening World: The question "Why do girls prefer shop work to domestic service?" has been thrashed out. But a similar theme hasn't been discussed. Why do men prefer to go to work as handy men, under clerks, bookkeepers, office help, etc., at salaries ranging often from \$5 to \$10 a week, and confining work, rather than leave a trade that will bring them from \$20 to \$30 a week, or outdoor jobs, at sea, or the army, (where the pay is all clear profit with no expense), or in any of the half dozen out-of-door jobs where the pay is pretty sure to exceed the clerk's, and the prospects for a rise are usually as good, and where there is better chance for health? W. L.

### The Reason!

To the Editor of The Evening World: It stands to reason why Hearst was defeated. Hughes voted in a barbershop, where people with plenty of life are going daily, and poor Hearst voted in an undertaker's shop. No wonder his Governorship boom died. J. B.

### Must Dress Well.

To the Editor of The Evening World: In reference to the discussion of stenographers vs. cooks, I would say that men who talk about the extravagance of stenographers with regard to dress don't take into consideration the fact that their position warrants a larger expenditure upon clothes and a different appearance than does that of a cook. Because they are stenographers they are not necessarily followed—that they are unable to cook and attend to household duties. If the men had took the trouble to ascertain that fact there would be less knocking of stenographers. "HUSTLER."

### Quotes "Rules of the Road."

To the Editor of The Evening World: I see various questions as to which has the right of way in streets, and I herewith quote a city ordinance in "Rules of the Road," which reads as follows: "Sec. 14. Right of way of car-

### Tail Vehicles.

The officers and men of the Fire Department and Fire Patrol, with their fire apparatus of all kinds when going to, or on duty at, or returning from a fire, and all ambulances, and the officers and men and vehicles of the Police Department, and all physicians who have a police permit (as hereinafter provided) shall have the right of way in any street and through any procession, except that they shall not pass a vehicle carrying the United States mail.

### In the World Almanac.

To the Editor of The Evening World: Where can I find a full list of the legal holidays observed in the various States or sections of the United States? J. M., Westchester, N. J.

### Same Old Problem.

To the Editor of The Evening World: In reference to the "Cat and Rat Problem," it seems to me that if a cat and a half can catch a rat and a half in a day and a half, a hundred cats can also catch a hundred rats in a day and a half. In other words, you can increase the number of cats as you like, and if the number of rats is increased likewise the same time. If a man and a half builds a shed and a half in one day and a half, by doubling the force (that is three men) and doubling the work (or three sheds) the time required to perform the work is unchanged. W. C.

### None Universally Observed.

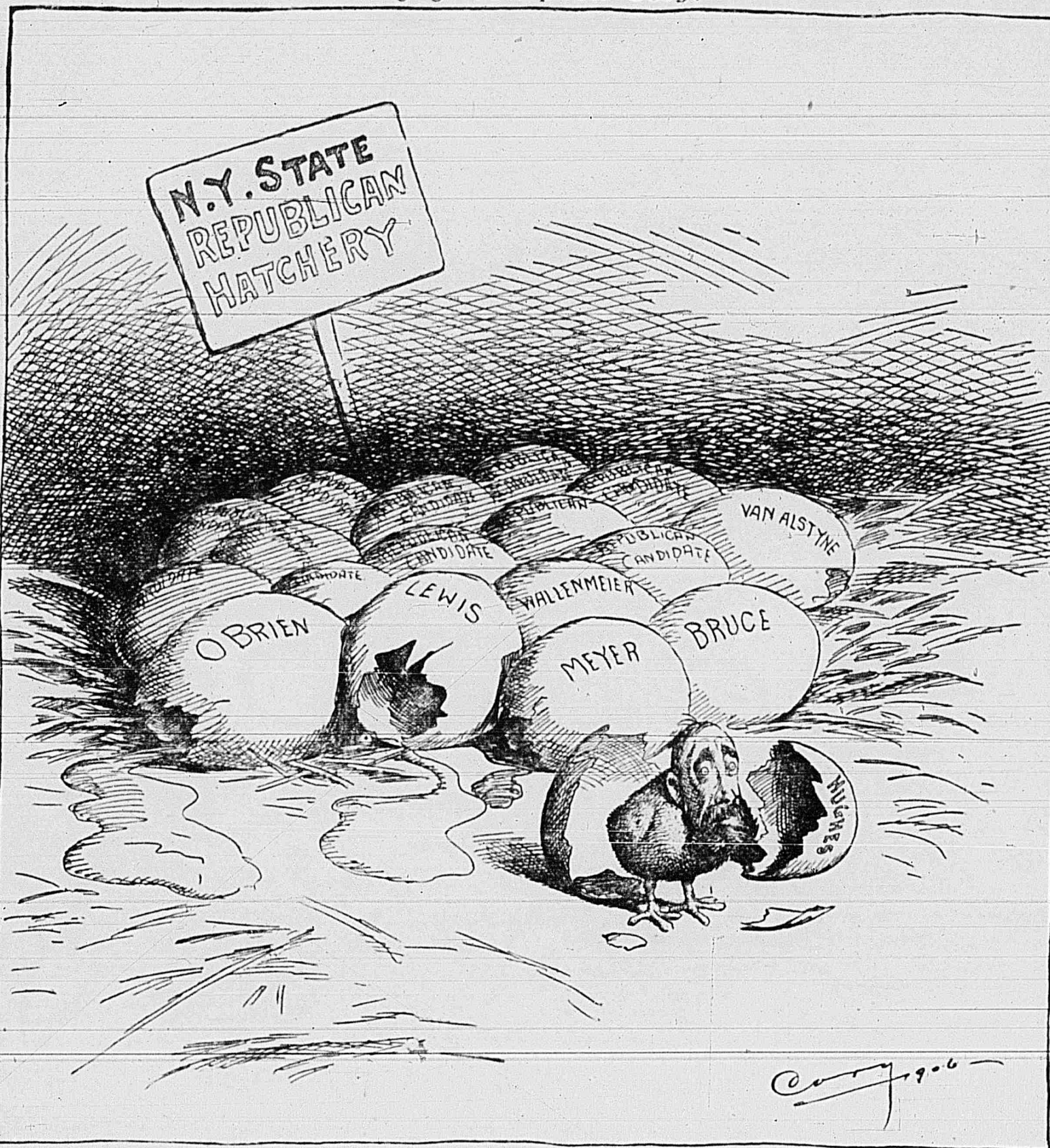
To the Editor of The Evening World: Is there any day in the year which is recognized in every part of the United States as a holiday, thus making it a national holiday? What day is it? F. COLLINS.

### Population of Both Cities.

To the Editor of The Evening World: What is the population of Greater New York and that of London? Greater New York (census 1904, 2,404,000; London (census 1901, 4,510,000).

## Only One Hatched?

By J. Campbell Cory.



## The Conversations of Mrs. Fuzzan Feathers

By Irvin S. Cobb.



"MY dear," said Mrs. Fuzzan Feathers, filling the front of her mouth with hairpins and addressing her husband out of the corner of it, "now that the election is over I would like to ask you just one more question about politics."

"Clarise," said her husband, "let the dead past bury its own Hearsts. It's good form not to talk politics after election and bad form to talk anything else before—almost as bad as idleness, which is positively the worst form I know anything about. To reopen the painful subject now would be both indelicate and uncalled for; we should have some regard for the feelings of those who ran on the Judiciary Nominators' ticket. The breaches are already healing. Mr. Hearst only printed four square-jawed editorials about himself this morning, as compared to twenty-one last Monday. I shudder to think what it would cost that man for advertising if he didn't own his own papers. And all that is left of the Independence League is Max Baer and a low-moaning sound. And Mr. Hughes has gone up in the mountains on a friendly visit with Mr. Woodruff."

"What does that signify?" asked Mrs. Feathers.

"It signifies," said Mr. Feathers, "that Mr. Hughes bears no malice."

"Why, I thought Mr. Woodruff managed Mr. Hughes' campaign for him?"

"He did," explained Mr. Feathers, "and if there had been two Mr. Woodruffs managing it instead of one, Mr. Hughes' whiskers would now be but a sad, funeral wreath of facial immortelles instead of a bridle banner of victory waving in the general direction of Albany, this State. I understand that the next time Mr. Hughes runs for anything he's going to hire Mr. Woodruff to manage the campaign for the opposition."

"What I wanted to ask was this," said Mrs. Feathers: "Why is it that women are not allowed to vote?"

"Because," said Mr. Feathers, "women lack the sense of judgment which is essential to a proper understanding of the value of the franchise of suffrage."

"Huh!" said Mrs. Feathers scornfully. "How valuable?"

"Well, that depends. More some years than others. I understand they paid only \$2 a head in Murphy's home district last Tuesday, which is indeed a low figure for those parts. But to resume: Women do not vote because it has been shown that they are not rational."

"I suppose not!" she broke in sarcastically. "And how rational were you, pray, when you volunteered as a watcher at the polls and got up at 6 o'clock and went without your breakfast and stood around all day in a snail's pace, and quarreled with a lot of Tongahoremen and got in a fight, and came home with your face all bruised up, looking like a—like a—"

"Like an accented lesson in spelling," suggested her husband, "with the long mark over the eye and the sound of 'o' as in 'ouch.' But those things only happen once in a thousand years."

"Once in a thousand years is enough, is abundantly often for you to use such language as you used," said Mrs. Feathers. "And here, I've just read in the paper that a broker who lost on the election is going to ride another man around the floor of the Stock Exchange in a wheelbarrow. Do you call that being rational?"

"No, that's merely originality," said Mr. Feathers, "startling, dazzling originality. Nobody ever thought of doing such a thing before. Why bright chaps they must have been to think up such a unique thing!"

## This Heiress Finds Money No Cure for the Work Habit.

By Nixola Greeley-Smith.



A STENOGRAPHER in an Atlantic City hotel, who has just inherited a fortune of \$500,000, has announced her intention of continuing to work.

"I am happy, and I am sure I should not be if I were idle," she says very sensibly. "It is more than probable that the present intentions of the young woman will amount to the lure and novelty of spending large and unaccustomed sums of money and that she will soon find in that pleasing pastime occupation enough."

But, at any rate, she is to be congratulated upon having realized that work is her greatest blessing, instead of the curse biblical tradition would have us regard it. It is not to be imagined a more desperately unhappy condition than that attributed to Adam and Eve in the Garden, where they had nothing to do but wander around and quarrel, and I wouldn't have blamed either of them for eating a whole barrel of green apples, even if all they had achieved by it was a bad case of colic and the right to work.

A girl with \$500,000, concentrated economically, has, of course, no right to work for \$10 or \$12 a week, for other women wouldn't purchase the bare necessities of life. She can't and doubtless will find work to do which will not take away the earning capacity of some one else.

The only cure of labor is the necessity of performing it. If we didn't have to grumble over the necessity of work we would rejoice in the blessed privilege of it.

When we are happy we fall to realize the value of occupation, but in moments of grief or worry we discover it to be a foreign solace. Routine is a mental anesthetic, while as good a cure for the distracted brain or aching heart as ether or morphine is to soothe physical anguish.

Once the habit of work is formed it can never be shaken off. If the Atlantic City stenographer foregoes her present intentions of continuing to work and take the leisure at her command, there will be many hours when her fingers will ache for her typewriter as they may have ached from it in the past.

There will be times when the curse of idleness will seem heavier than the burden of work ever seemed.

Work takes us out of ourselves, prevents for so many hours the morbid tendency to introspection and self-analysis which is really a vivisection of the soul. It would benefit us if it brought us nothing. It is the one thing that makes life permanently endurable, and any person, man or woman, who works is a thousand times more lucky than the most fortunate idler.

## Two Little Souls.

By Sholem Aleichem,

(The Jewish "Mark Twain.")

"S'everything ready there? Take these two little souls and bring them down to the Earth, and come back soon."

Thus spoke the Lord (blessed be His name!) to the Angel, pointing at two little souls.

And the Angel took the two little souls under his wing and descended earthward.

And night spread its black wings over the Earth and it was dark.

And a cold wind, a strong wind was whirling and whirling through the windows, through the door, through the walls of a small, dilapidated hut; in the small, dilapidated hut, upon a bed of straw, lay an emaciated young woman.

And a cold wind, a strong wind was whirling and whirling through the stone walls and the strong doors and windows of a beautiful mansion. In that beautiful mansion, on a good, soft bed, covered with satin and with silk, lay a strong and beautiful woman.

"Go, little children," he said to them, "go, little brethren, suffer some troubles in the world!"

And that night two little boys were born, one on the floor upon a bed of straw—born to starvation, to need and misery; an additional eater; a superfluous little being on Earth. And the other one—upon a bed of satin and silk; born to joy, to riches, to happiness, to amusement.

"How is that?" asked the Angel of the Creator of the Universe. "Is it right that one should get all and the other suffer? That one should get straw and the other silk? One luxuries, and the other—poverty?"

"Look down, and be silent!" answered the Lord of the Universe.

Twenty years elapsed.

And night spread its black wings over the Earth and it was dark.

And a strong wind, a cold wind was whirling and blowing through the windows, through the door, through the walls of a small, dilapidated hut; and from the small, dilapidated hut came a voice, a wailing voice:

"Creator of the Universe! Dear God! A deadly press, heed my cry; send Death to me, take me away from this world. I cannot bear it any longer!"

"No! Live on! Live on! Suffer! Live long! Live long, my child!"

And a strong wind, a cold wind was whirling and blowing, but could not blow through the stone walls and the strong doors and windows of a beautiful mansion. From the beautiful mansion came a voice, a wailing voice:

"Creator of the Universe! Dear God! Accept my prayer, heed my cry; take away from me the Angel of Death; I want to live; it is a pity to part from such happiness; I don't want to leave this world while I am so young!"

"You must die! You must die! Bid them all farewell. You've enjoyed life enough, my child!"

And a strong wind, a cold wind was whirling and blowing that night, and the sinful soul unwillingly left the happy home of the strong, rich man and soared back to Heaven.

And a strong wind, a cold wind kept whirling and blowing for a long time, and the sinful soul remained for a long time in the small, dilapidated hut of the poor, sick man, remained there unwillingly for a long time.

## THE JARR FAMILY

By Roy L. McCardell

"WOULDN'T you like to come downtown with me and look at that coat before I buy it?" asked Mrs. Jarr.

Mr. Jarr tried to look eagerly interested. "Td like nothing better, my dear," he said, "but, the fact is—"

"The fact is!" cried Mrs. Jarr, frowning. "The fact is, do not want to go anywhere with me! If it was your hand, Mr. Jarr, who would you be going around in a room with him you'd do it quick enough!"

"But when I ask you to go shopping with me you've always got some excuse! I want you to come with me and see how dear everything is, and then, perhaps, you will realize how I have to scrimp and save!"

"Ah, you're always talking about scrimping and saving!" said Mr. Jarr, frowning. "I notice that you look pretty prosperous. You've got to get a new coat."

"That makes six. I need a new overcoat, just one. Will I get it? No! Why won't I get it? Because you 'scrimp and save' on me!"

"Oh, how dare you talk that way to me?" exclaimed Mrs. Jarr. "How many cigars do you smoke a day? Twenty! How much do they cost? Ten cents apiece. That is how much I see!" And Mrs. Jarr paused to figure it out, for she was not mentally astute in mathematics.

Mr. Jarr evaded the cigar matter, but went on with his wrongs. "How many hats have you? A dozen at least, and you're getting a dozen more. How many hats have I? Two, and pretty seedy they look!"

"It's two dollars a day—seven times two is fourteen—no, fourteen! Fourteen dollars a week. Fourteen dollars a week for cigars!" went on Mrs. Jarr. "How many weeks are there in a year?"

"Let me see! Thirty days hath September, April, June and November! No, that isn't it! But I'll look in the dictionary and figure it up, but I know it will come to thousands of dollars, maybe millions! Millions for cigars! Do I smoke cigars?"

"Ah, got out!" said Mr. Jarr. "I only smoke a few cigars a week, and most of those are given me. That isn't the question. And if it was, am I not to have a little comfort that way if I don't get it another?"

"If I have a cheap cigar now and then, it's all I do have. How many dresses have you? A hundred, I'll bet! How many suits of clothes have I? Three, and all three on the blink!"

"Yes," said Mrs. Jarr, ignoring the question of dress, but pressing home the charges of masculine extravagance, "you spend millions of dollars every year for cigars, and I know it! But how much do you waste in drinking, that I know of?"

"You know I don't drink!" said Mr. Jarr, hotly. "Do I ever show it?"

"Oh, you are so used to it now that it doesn't affect you any more!" said Mrs. Jarr, cruelly.

"What's the use of us squabbling this way?" asked Mr. Jarr. "I'm sure I don't object to your having good clothes and plenty of them."

"Well, what do you throw it up to me for then?" asked Mrs. Jarr. "All I said to you was that I would like you to go shopping with me. I could prove to you that I never waste a cent!"

"You know it drives me wild to go around the stores," replied Mr. Jarr, "being abused round by fat women and skinny women and old women and young women, all wrangling and hustling and pushing and shoving to get goods reduced about three cents on the dollar, if they are ever really reduced."

"Oh, don't talk to me about women bargain-hunters!" said Mrs. Jarr, savagely. "I notice when there are any bargain sales of socks or suspenders or collars, that the place is full of men grabbing for them!"

"Why, there was a sale of jewelry yesterday—cheap jewelry, and you couldn't get near the counters for the men. I suppose they were buying fake jewelry for their wives for Christmas gifts!"

"Oh, dogsone it! Have it your own way!" said Mr. Jarr, who was not feeling like fighting and who wanted to escape the ordeal of shopping. "Here's ten dollars. Go shopping all you like, waste all you want to, but don't ask me to go along!"

Mrs. Jarr muttered that she had half a mind not to take the money. However, the other half of her mind won out.

Mrs. Jarr rode downtown with her and left her in front of a big store. When she got inside Mrs. Jarr paused a moment thoughtfully.

"What shall I get him for a little surprise?" she asked herself. "Oh, yes, I know, cigars!"

And she went to the cigar department and brought two boxes for five dollars a box. They had lovely pictures of Spanish girls on the lid.

## If YOU Had a Wife Like This.

By F. G. Long

